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### THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND  
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

#### A WORD ON EARLY RISING.

As we are writing this article before breakfast, at an earlier hour than usual, we are inclined to become grand and intolerant on the strength of our virtue, and to look around us and say, "Why is not every body up? How can people lie in bed at an hour like this,—the cool, the fragrant?"

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?"

Thus exclaimed good-natured, enjoying Thomson, and lay in bed till twelve, after which he strolled into his garden at Richmond, and eat peaches off a tree, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets! Browzing! A perfect specimen of a poetical elephant or rhinoceros! But we have told this story before. Thomson, however, left an immortal book behind him, which excused his trespasses. What excuse shall mortality bring for hastening its end by lying in bed, and anticipating the grave? for of all apparently innocent habits, lying in bed is perhaps the worst; while on the other hand, amidst all the different habits through which people have attained to a long life, it is said that in this one respect, and this only, they have all agreed! No very long-lived man has been a late riser. Judge Holt is said to have been curious respecting longevity, and to have questioned every very old man that came before him, as to his modes of living; and in the matter of early rising there was no variation: every one of them got up betimes. One lived chiefly upon meat, another upon vegetables; one drank no fermented liquors, another did drink them; a fifth took care not to expose himself to the weather, another took no such care; but every one of them was an early riser. All made their appearance at Nature's earliest levee, and she was pleased that they valued her as soon as she waked, and that they valued her fresh air, and valued her skies, and her birds, and her balmy quiet; or if they thought little of all this, she was pleased that they took the first step in life, every day, calculated to make them happiest and most healthy; and so she laid her hands upon their heads, and pronounced them good old boys, and enabled them to run about at wonderful ages, while their poor senior juniors were tumbling in down and gout.

A most pleasant hour it is certainly,—when you are once up. The birds are singing in the trees; everything else is noiseless, except the air, which comes sweeping every now and then through the sunshine, hindering the coming day from being hot. We feel it on our face, as we write. At a distance, far off, a dog occasionally barks, and some huge fly is loud upon the window-pane. It is sweet to drink in at one's ears these innocent sounds, and this very sense of silence, and to say to one's self, "We are up;—we are up, we are doing well;—the beautiful creation is not unseen and unheard for want of us." Oh, it's a prodigious moment when the vanity and the virtue can go together. We shall not say how early we write this article, lest we should appear im-

modest, and excite envy and despair. Neither shall we mention how often we thus get up, or the hour at which we generally rise,—leaving our readers to hope the best of us; in return for which we will try to be as little exalted this morning, as the sense of advantage over our neighbours will permit, and not despise them—a great stretch for an uncommon sense of merit. There for instance, is C.;—hard at it, we would swear; as fast asleep as a church:—of what value are his books now, and his subtleties, and his speculations? as dead, poor man, as if they never existed. What proof is there of an immortal soul in that face with its eyes shut, and its mouth open, and not a word to say for itself, any more than the dog's?—And W. there;—what signifies his love for his children and his garden, neither of which he is now alive to, though the child-like birds are calling him, hopping amidst their songs; and his breakfast would have twice the relish?—And the L.'s with their garden and their music?—the orchard has all the music to itself; they will not arise to join it, though Nature manifestly intends concerts to be of a morning as well as evening, and the animal Spirits are the first that are up in the universe.

Then the streets and squares. Very much do we fear, that for want of a proper education in these thoughts, the milkman, instead of despising all these shut-up windows, and the sleeping incapables inside, envies them for the riches that keep injuring their diaphragms and digestions, and that will render their breakfast not half so good as his. "Call you these gentlefolks?" said a new maid-servant, in a family of our acquaintance, "why, they get up early in the morning!—Only make me a lady, and see if I wouldn't lie a-bed."

Seriously speaking, we believe that there is not a wholesomer thing than early rising, or one which, if persevered in for a very little while, would make a greater difference in the sensations of those who suffer from most causes of ill-health, particularly the besetting disease of these sedentary times, indigestion. We believe it would supersede the supposed necessity of a great deal of nauseous and pernicious medicine, that pretended friend, and ultimately certain foe, of all impatient stomachs. Its utility in other respects everybody acknowledges, though few profit by it as they might. Nothing renders a man so completely master of the day before him; so gets rid of arrears, anticipates the necessity of haste, and insures leisure. Sir Walter Scott is said to have written all his greatest works before breakfast; he thus also procured time for being one of the most social of friends, and kind and attentive of correspondents. One sometimes regrets that experience passes into the shape of proverbs, since those who make use of them, are apt to have no other knowledge, and thus procure for them a worldly character of the lowest order. Franklin did them no good, in this respect, by crowding them together in 'Poor Richard's Almanack;' and Cervantes intimated the common-place abuse into which they were turning, by putting them into the mouth of Sancho Panza. Swift completed the ruin of some of them, in this country, by mingling them with the slip-slop of his 'Polite Conversation,'—a Tory libel on the talk of the upper ranks, to which nothing comparable is to be found in the Whig or Radical objections of modern times. Yet, for the

most part, proverbs are equally true and generous, and there is as much profit for others as for a man's self in believing that "Early to bed and early to rise, will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise;" for the voluntary early riser is seldom one who is insensible to the beauty as well as the uses of the spring of day; and in becoming healthy and wise, as well as rich, he becomes good-humoured and considerate, and is disposed to make a handsome use of the wealth he acquires. Mere saving and sparing (which is the ugliest way to wealth) permits a man to lie in bed as long as most other people, especially in winter, when he saves fire by it; but a gallant acquisition should be as stirring in this respect, as it is in others, and thus render its riches a comfort to it, instead of a means of unhealthy care, and a preparation for disappointment. How many rich men do we not see jaundiced and worn, not with necessary care but superfluous, and secretly cursing their riches, as if it were the fault of the money itself, and not of the bad management of their health? These poor, unhappy, rich people, come at length to hug their money out of a sort of spleen and envy at the luckier and less miserable poverty that wants it, and thus lead the lives of dogs in the manger, and are almost tempted to hang themselves: whereas, if they could purify the current of their blood a little, which, perhaps, they might do by early rising alone, without a penny for physic, they might find themselves growing more patient, more cheerful, more liberal, and be astonished and delighted at receiving the praises of the community for their public spirit, and their patronage of noble institutions. Oh, if we could but get half London up at an earlier hour, how they, and our colleges and universities, and royal academies, &c., would all take a start together; and how the quack advertisements in the newspapers would diminish!

But we must not pretend, meanwhile, to be more virtuous ourselves than frail teachers are apt to be. The truth is, that lying in bed is so injurious to our particular state of health, that we are early risers in self-defence; and we were not always such; so that we are qualified to speak to both sides of the question. And as to our present article, it is owing to a relapse! and we fear is a very dull one in consequence; for we are obliged to begin it earlier than usual, in consequence of being late. We shall conclude it with the sprightliest testimony we can call to mind in favour of early rising, which is that of James the First, the royal poet of Scotland, a worthy disciple of Chaucer, who, when he was kept in unjust captivity during his youth by Henry the Fourth, fell in love with his future excellent queen, in consequence of seeing her through his prison windows walking in a garden at break of day, as Palamon and Arcite did Emilia; which caused him to exclaim, in words that might be often quoted by others out of gratitude to the same hour, though on a different occasion,

"My custom was to rise  
Early as day. Oh happy exercise,  
By thee I come to joy out of torment!"

See the 'King's quair,' the poem he wrote about it. We quote from memory, but we believe with correctness.

## FRANCONIAN TALES.

No. I.

THE SLEEP-WALKER.

ABOUT fifty years ago, there lived in the village of Windisch-Abtsdorf, an old bachelor, whose name was Sebastian Holzapfel. He carried on a small trade in iron, and, therefore, was commonly called Ironchops. So many wonderful things were whispered about, concerning his private doings, that people found it rather difficult to say what was true, and what was false. One thing is certain, that he often shut himself up in his room for days together, and then nobody could get access to him but his old servant-maid, who had been with him from a child. No one was able to find out, with any certainty, what he did when his door was locked. Many supposed that he was a coiner and gold-maker; for thick golden smoke often rose from his chimney, and his money was generally new and shining. Others were satisfied that he could raise and lay spirits, for in the evening a dull murmuring noise was often heard in his room, and a blue flame would suddenly start up. In addition to this, one moonshiny night, about twelve o'clock, they saw the figure of a man, with his shirt flickering about him, and his arms stretched out, standing on the gable of his house. Others again asserted, without the smallest hesitation, that he had made a covenant with the Evil One, (God be with us!) for he was often seen at his window with his face quite transformed, and of a blackish-blue colour—first large and then small, and wearing a grey hood, in which he probably hid a pair of horns; and, at other times again, with no head at all.

Now since Procopius, Recorder and Alderman of Constantinople, was not ashamed to accuse the great lawgiver, Justinian, of being no real man, but an incarnate devil, and to assert that his face frequently resembled a raw, shapeless piece of flesh, and that a horrible goblin would be seen in the seat that he had just left, and other neat things of the kind,\* Sebastian the ironmonger at Windisch-Abtsdorf, might be proud of falling under the same suspicions as the great Greek Emperor.

On the other hand, persons were not wanting who liked Ironchops, and maintained that he was a God-fearing, excellent, kind-hearted man; that he hurt nobody, went regularly to church, listened to the sermon most attentively, and always put a bright sixpence into the poor's-box, not a red half-penny, like many rich misers; and was very charitable to the poor besides. The children, and pretty girls in particular, who were always very numerous at Windisch-Abtsdorf, would hear nothing against friend Holzapfel; for he would often give nice little children, that he saw in the street, a penny, or a few spice-cakes, from the pocket of his old-fashioned blue coat; and would gladden the heart of a merry girl with a crimson sash, or a silver *schilling*, from Würzburg. Hence these young folks were extremely grieved, when the news ran through the village one morning, that Ironchops had suddenly died, in the night, of an apoplectic fit. Those who had been wont to speak ill of him, immediately said, that they supposed the Evil One had twisted his neck. But the other party, especially the girls and the children, to whom he was now lost for ever, firmly maintained, that God had meant well with him, in taking him to himself, so quickly and so gently, and making an angel of him. Sebastian, dressed in a long white winding-sheet, with a lemon in his ashy hands, and a neat white cotton nightcap on his head, was now laid out in front of his house, and the priest, clerk, and school-boys, chaunted the funeral hymn around his coffin: while his distant relations and smiling heirs, who were expecting good fat legacies, had the greatest difficulty to keep a proper portion of grief on their faces.

And when, after the burial and the funeral sermon, the cousins, friends, aunts, and pall-bearers had assembled in the house of mourning to take a funeral cup, each and every one soon forgot the deceased. They made themselves very comfortable with wine, cake, white bread, and Dutch cheese; and, to say the truth, nothing but fiddles and harps were wanting to make it a regular jollification.

\* Procopius of Cæsarea's Secret History, Chap. 12.

But old Anna, the servant of him who was now at rest, took no part in the gaiety of this funeral banquet. She alone was really grieved at the departure of her master, for she alone knew who and what he was.

On the Sunday after the funeral, as Anna was sitting in the afternoon in her quiet and solitary room, she heard a knock at the door, and in came her old neighbours, Goody Kundel and the shoemaker's crooked wife, to console her, as well as to satisfy their curiosity about the life and doings of the deceased. Anna received them very kindly, and made ready for them the hot black drink, for which so many a female mouth waters. While they were comfortably employed in gulping it down, the conversation turned on Sebastian and his way of life. Much was said about him *pro* and *con*; at last, Anna could no longer resist her inclination to tell her tale, and so began as follows:—"You know that I have been in this house since I was a child, and was taken in by the mother of the deceased when I was a poor girl. Sebastian was then a child of three years old. I well remember his mother telling me in confidence that, one twilight evening, as she was softly stepping up to the cradle, in which the baby was sleeping, she saw an old and ugly woman standing by it, and touching its face with a fox's tail; but on her entering, the woman left the room and became invisible. From this very hour the child began to alter. He became very odd, grave, and covetous, had no more quiet sleep, and his features looked different from what they used to do. You must remember how he grew up and behaved when he was a young man; and therefore I need not give an account of it.

"When Sebastian's mother was upon her death-bed, she entreated me to stop with her son, who, as I well knew, could not marry; and to take care of him and watch over him as long as I lived. I promised with hand and with mouth that I would, and I have kept my word. I am aware that the wicked world thought and spoke evil of him; but I can assert with a good conscience, that he was neither a gold-maker, nor a coiner, nor a conjurer, nor a devil's playfellow. But you must know that he had the misfortune to be moonstruck, and a sleepwalker. As often as the first quarter of the moon showed itself, and its bright rays came down, Sebastian began to be disturbed in his sleep about midnight. This unquietness increased from night to night, and when the moon's broad face stood full and round in the sky, it was impossible to keep him in bed. He got up, put on his trowsers, wandered up and down his room without saying a word, opened his chests and boxes, and shut them again, without seeing or hearing. When the walking fit was very strong upon him, he would leave his room, and stray into all the passages and corners in the house, (while I followed him with a lamp in my hand) and very often went up the stairs leading to the loft. Here he would swing himself by his hands from one beam to another, and after jumping about for hours together boldly and safely, he would let himself down again as cautiously. Meantime I stood looking on these awful doings with fear and trembling, for certainly the boldest man, if awake, would not have dared the like. He once even slipped out upon the roof, got upon the gable, and stood there, without holding or stumbling, to the amazement of the few who were witnesses of it. But his walking and climbing did not always end without an accident; for the squeaking of a mouse, the flapping of an owl, or the creaking of a board, was able to rouse him out of his sleepy condition. He then was quite frightened and heartless, and often fell down from the rafters, so as to bruise his face and limbs. When he was asleep, and did these dreadful things, he used to shew the most prodigious strength, such as is told of Sampson in the Bible. He would carry several hundred-weight of iron rods on his shoulders out of the iron room, just as if they had been so many vine-props. The great safe that stands here full of heavy tinned ware, he once lifted up as if it had been a work-box, with one hand, and stuck it before the street door, so that the next morning we could not go out. I was obliged to empty it entirely, and then dragged it into its place with Sebastian's assistance.

"But when the moon began to wane, and his inclination for night-walking began to lessen with it, he felt himself weak and exhausted. He then shut himself up in his room, lay whole days in bed, and would speak to nobody but me. If he had hurt himself by a fall, so as to make his face all blue and yellow, he would pour some brandy into a great spoon, and set it on fire, making a bright blue flame, and then when it was out, and the liquor was cool, he would wash his face with it. He often tied a large cloth round his head, or when his weakness and imbecility were extremely great, he would even put an old carpet over the cloth, so that he seemed to have no head at all. He would then do a great number of strange odd things, and I was obliged to let him be busy his own way. He dealt particularly in old paper, carried great bundles into the kitchen, and made such an immense fire with it, that the yellow suffocating smoke filled the whole house.

"As soon, however, as the days of his fatigue and odd way of life were over, he dressed in his usual style, kept his shop, went out, and was cheerful and sociable. When he took a journey to Bamberg to buy iron, on his return he always brought home something new. He was specially pleased with Bamberg pennies, and Würzburg *schillings* and *dreiers*, which he never spent, but always gave away, as you know, to boys and girls. He would willingly have married, as he was certainly no enemy to womankind, but he was ashamed of his condition, and afraid that no wife would stay with him. And thus we lived together for many a long year; until a few mornings ago, when, after a night spent in the greatest trouble, I found him dead in bed. May God give him everlasting bliss! He was not a wicked man, and the ill that was spoken of him you may explain to yourselves, from what I have just told you."

Here the talkative Anna ended her speech, to which her friends had listened with the greatest attention. They now thanked her, and took their leave, and Anna was once more alone, and waited for the things that were to happen.

After three days there appeared honest Mr Molter, the bailiff of the village, the clerk of the court, with paper, ink, and pens, the cousins of Ironchops, and several other persons. The bailiff, after a short preface, sat down to table, and drew out a letter with three seals, telling them that this was the real will of the deceased Sebastian Holzapfel, and opened it. The clerk of the court then read aloud what follows:—

"I, Sebastian Holzapfel, having considered the perishableness of human life and my own weak state of health, and that nothing is more certain than death, or more uncertain than its time, have resolved and decided, I. To make my testament or last will, that I may know what is to become of my things when I am dead, and that no quarrel may arise about them. And what stands in my will is to be, and Mr Bailiff is to take care that it is so.

"1. Pro primo, and in the first place, I bequeath my body, when it is dead, to the earth, and my soul to God Almighty, that he may receive it into his heavenly kingdom of grace.

"2. In the second place, as to what concerns the disposition of my temporal goods, I will, that Anna Susanna Höferin, my old maid servant, who has been with me many years, and has stayed with me and served me faithfully and truly, is to be the chief heirress of my property, and is to have my house, and all that is in it, and whatever else belongs to me, except what follows:—

"3. To God's house, or the Church of this place, in which I was baptized, and first went to the Lord's table, I leave one hundred light florins to make a silve communion cup, as a perpetual memorial of me.

"4. Our dear Vicar Mr. Westendorfer, who, as I hope, will hold a fine funeral discourse over me, is to have the lamb ducats, that are with the other money in the iron chest placed in the great cupboard.

"5. I leave my Godfather, Sebastian Neumeister, the two pony ducats that are in the same place; and also my Sunday clothes, namely, my blue coat with metal buttons, the red waistcoats, and the black velvet



breeches. Although they are rather worn in front about the knees, he will be pleased with them. Also he is to have my silver shoe-buckles.

"6. My Godfather's aunt, Elizabeth Barbara Seemoserin, who has so often come to me on a Sunday afternoon, and drunk coffee with me, is to have three of my six coffee spoons, and the coffee things; not the new set that I first brought with me from Bamberg a year ago, but the other, in which the milk pot has got a little crack at the top.

"7. To each of my three cousins Von Schnotzenbach, Zeubebried, and Ziegelsambach, I leave five good florins. They may be content with these; as they have not troubled themselves much about me, never invited me to their church ales, and only waited for my death.

"8. Lastly and to conclude, I should have liked to leave something to Mr Bailiff Molter, whom I have always held in great esteem, but I don't exactly know what—and I suppose that he will take, of himself, what pleases him.

"These special legacies are to be paid by Anna Susanna, and Mr Bailiff is to put everything in order.

"This is my last Will—Done at Wandisch-Abtsdorf, the 27th of August 1778. Signed by me, Sebastian Holzapfel, manu propria."

When the clerk had read all this, the three cousins Schnotzenbach, Zeubebried, and Ziegelsambach made three long faces, and swore that they would not touch cousin Sebastian's beggarly legacy. But when old Anna gave them to understand, that if they thought proper, she was ready to pay five Franconian florins down on the nail, they consulted a bit with one another, pocketed the cash, drank off their ill-humour at a public-house, and returned to the place from whence they had come. Mister Bailiff put everything in order as he was desired, and old Anna enjoyed her well-earned inheritance for many years in peace and solitude. But the memory of Ironchops lives in Windisch-Abtsdorf even to this very day.

#### FINE ARTS.

1. *Portrait of Lady Blessington.* Painted by E. T. Parris; engraved by W. Giller. London: J. McCormick; Rittner and Goupil, Paris.

2. *Young Female.* Painted by E. T. Parris; engraved by Thomas Lupton. J. McCormick; E. Graves.

MR PARRIS is an artist of taste, with considerable feeling for what is beautiful and gentle; but he is apt to overlay the genuine graces of his subject with *finery* in the costume and accessories, and to blunt the effect of his design by some sentiment implied in the title, which the expression of the picture hardly bears out. The young female in the second of the engravings before us, is a gentle and kind-hearted looking young creature, extremely beautiful withal, caressing a letter; she seems tender and affectionate; but looks too conscious of having spectators, and the superscription we have observed upon some of the impressions demands more lurking passion in the expression. The head, however, is very pleasing, and most tastefully set forth; we wish our female friends would take the head-dress as a model. There are one or two defects in the drawing of the limbs, which injure what would otherwise be graceful. The right fore-arm, for instance, in the girl, is weak; as if it had no bone to support it; and the left *humerus* is long.

The portrait of Lady Blessington is the handsomest we have seen; whether it is the most like we cannot say, never having had the good fortune to see the original. But where graces of mind and person unite, what result may not be expected? The accessories, which, though somewhat closely drawn round the figure, are not inappropriate, are very well touched in. The dress, in particular, is rich, but lightly and delicately handled. It is very nicely engraved.

The *Portrait of Horace Smith*, in the current volume of 'Colburn's Modern Novelists,' is drawn with feeling, and is undoubtedly like;—the benignity and amenity of the author of 'Brambletye House' are caught; but there is a want of the manly bearing of the original.

#### HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

##### No. X.

BORROWING AND LENDING PERIODICALS, BOOKS, AND UMBRELLAS. — SUGGESTION FOR EXTENDING THE SALE OF A JOURNAL OR MAGAZINE. — BOOK-KEEPERS. — LANGUAGE. — HINTS ABOUT A UNIVERSAL TONGUE.

THE other day I was requested by a friend to lend him the LONDON JOURNAL to read every week. As I professed to be an admirer and well-wisher of that work, he was astonished at my refusal so to do; and his astonishment swelled into the exclamation, "Indeed!"—when I told him that it was for that very reason I denied him a loan of the paper. Allow me, then, to make public the reasons which moved me to this course of conduct—and which were so effectual that they converted my friend from a borrower, to a buyer of the LONDON JOURNAL.

I have no doubt that many a clever work which would otherwise have had a fair chance of succeeding, and remunerating its conductors, has been ruined by its being borrowed and lent. Let those beneficent beings who are in the practice of regularly lending the periodicals they take in, to a small or large circle of acquaintances, just think, that for every individual to whom they lend a magazine, or journal, they are probably,—I will not say robbing or defrauding,—but certainly wrongfully depriving, the proprietors of that journal of the price thereof—especially if that price be confined within pence. This may appear hard doctrine to be inculcated in the pages of a Journal so full of the milk of human kindness, and so saturated with a desire for the improvement of mankind as yours; but certainly it is true and right. It may be said that it is with a hope of instilling virtue and promoting knowledge, that you lend such a journal; but it has been well said that we may "not do evil, that good may come." Again, it may be said that it is for the purpose of promoting the fame or sale of the journal. But neither of these effects can ensue from the lending system. As to fame, how do you promote it, when by lending, you deprive the journalist of that which is wanted to procure the best matter for his pages? The labourer in the vineyard of literature is as worthy of his hire as the tiller of the earth; and, wherewithal is the overseer to pay the workmen, if those who derive benefit or pleasure from the work, give not the price in exchange thereof? As to the sale—there are few so disinterested, so independently-minded, as to pay for what they can get at the expense of as much breath as will utter a "Thank ye!"

There is a mode of lending which may have a tendency to promote the sale of a work, if judiciously managed. By allowing a friend, for instance, to peruse a first number or so, to tempt him to become a regular subscriber; or by lending a number containing some particularly amusing or well written article, or the first part of some intensely interesting tale, so that he may be induced to buy the following numbers to ascertain the conclusion. A real friend to a periodical would manœuvre in this way to extend its circulation, which would be more effectual than all the plaudits he could bestow upon it. As the curiosity of the ladies is said to be very great (though a friend whispers me he has known men quite as curious), the manœuvre of the unconcluded tale, breaking off just as a dagger is uplifted to pierce some innocent bosom, is the most effectual; they would be dying to know whether the god of romance permitted the weapon to strike, or called forth some champion to arrest the assassin's hand; they would count the hours till the next day of publication to know the event. Nor would such a friend of a periodical labour without his reward. If the work gives him pleasure or information, then will it be for his advantage that it be continued. This may be called honourable selfishness, as it is leavened with the leaven of a desire for the welfare or pleasure of his fellow readers. I hope the readers of the new married pair will take into consideration what I have said, and act as their judgment may suggest.

I would not have my prohibition against lending

periodicals extend to the magazines and reviews of high price; there are thousands, indeed the greatest number of readers are, in my opinion, to be found amongst those who cannot spare half-a-crown, three-and-sixpence, or six shillings, but who would willingly, because easily, expend any sum per week within the pence.

Books and umbrellas are two things most frequently borrowed, and least frequently returned; and which remissness is least evilly thought of by the world. If a little more probity were observed in respect both of books and umbrellas, it would manifestly be for the benefit of society in general; for unquestionably a great many more books and umbrellas would be lent, nay, pressed upon the borrower. I cannot help thinking that the case must have been of the latter description in the days of the philanthropist, who inscribed over his library, "*Mine and my friends.*" Now-a-days a communion of books would quickly separate into a variety of small individual libraries. Even the benevolent-minded Sir Walter Scott, who seldom spoke ill of anyone, characterized his friends as "good book-keepers."

When I have happened to be in a speculative mood, it has often occurred to me, that circumstances are revolving towards the establishment of a universal language,—a tongue, different from any that at present exist, yet composed of the essence of them all.

The different modes of expressing thought now used by the different nations of the earth, is the great bar to the general spread of knowledge and civilization; and as the confusion of tongues was the means of scattering mankind, may we not infer that a return to one language will be the precursor of universal happiness, and the re-union of the human race into one great and amicable family?

Several facts have occurred to me as warranting such a conclusion. I may mention, as one, the constant endeavour of conquerors to supersede the language of the vanquished by their own. Also, that wherever the civilized nations of Europe have established colonies, they have engrafted their language. Thus are the few European tongues gradually spreading over the globe, and we may reasonably conclude that these few may, in process of time, amalgamate into one. English, French, and German are so generally spoken, that with a knowledge of the three a man may make himself understood in any civilized part of the world. In the United States of America, the East Indies, and the West India Islands, the English, and very partially, the French and Dutch languages, are the medium of communication. It is when the traveller enters savage regions, and amongst uncivilized tribes, that the difficulty of communication is found; and then he makes it as great a point of endeavour to leave the natives a knowledge of his language, as for himself to acquire theirs.

The question whether all languages diverged from one source, I conceive to be of less utility than an inquiry into the likelihood of their meeting again. There is good reason to believe this will eventually be the case. The English has been called poor in its powers of expression, and it is also acknowledged that it is made up of many other languages; but if this latter be the case, any one at a loss to express himself in received English has a right to appropriate any foreign word that may answer his purpose. This extensive admixture also renders it most useful as a general means of communication; from which we may infer that it is the beginning of a universal tongue. Since the days of Johnson, thousands of words have been introduced into our language from others, and have been added to the Dictionary by subsequent editors; and there are still thousands which have never been received within the logical pale, but which, nevertheless, are in very extensive use. We may note the gradual amalgamation of languages in the borders of nations; how little difference there is on the two immediate sides of the Tweed, and what a mongrel dialect of English and French is spoken in the Channel Islands. All this

tends to support my position; but I leave it to be more fully discussed by those who may be better able to treat the subject argumentatively and philosophically. I merely throw out the suggestion, because I have never met with the speculation in any works I have read upon languages.

BOOKWORM.

### CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. V.—CHAUCER (CONTINUED).

FURTHER SPECIMENS OF HIS PLEASANTY AND SATIRE.  
THE FAIRIES SUPERSEDED BY THE PRIARS.

CHAUCER was one of the Reformers of his time, and like the celebrated poets and wits of most countries, Catholic included, took pleasure in exposing the abuses of the church; not because he was an ill-natured man, and disliked the church itself (for no one has done greater honour to the true christian pastor than he, in a passage already quoted), but because his very good-nature and love of truth, made him the more dislike the abuses of the best things in the most reverend places. He measures his satire, however, according to its desert, and is severest upon the severe and mercenary,—the holders of such livings as give no life but rather take it. In the following exquisite banter, he rallies the mere jovial and plebeian part of the church, the ordinary begging-friars, with a sly good-humour. And observe how he contrives to sprinkle the passage with his poetry. The versification also is obviously good, even to the most modern ears.

In oldé dayés of the King Artour,  
Of which that Britons spoken great honour,  
All was this land fulfill'd of Faery;  
The Elf-queen with her jolly company  
Dancéd full oft in many a greene mead.  
This was the old opinion as I read;  
I speak of many hundred years ago,  
But now can no man see none elvés mo;  
For now the greaté charity and prayérs  
Of limiters and other holy freres,  
That searchen every land and every stream,  
As thick as motés in the sunné beam,  
Blessing hallés, chambers, kitchenés, and bowérs,  
Cities and boroughs, castles high and towers,  
Thorpés and barnés, shepénés and dairies,  
This maketh that there be no Faeries:  
For there as wont to walken was an elf,  
There walketh now the limiter himself  
In undermealés and in morrowings,  
And saith his matins and his holy things  
As he go'th in his limitation.  
Women may now go safely up and down;  
In every bush, and under every tree,  
There is no other Incubus but he.

AN IMPUDENT DRUNKEN SELLER OF PARDONS AND INDULGENCES CONFESSES FOR WHAT HE PREACHES.

Lordings, quoth he, in churché when I preach  
I painé me to have an hautein speech,

(I do my best to speak out loud.)

And ring it out, as round as go'th a bell,  
For I can all by roté that I tell;

(I learn all I say by heart.)

My theme is always one, and ever was,  
*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*

"Covetousness is the root of all evil." Chaucer has fitted his Latin capitally well in with the measure,—a nicety singularly ill observed by poets in general.

First I pronouncé whennés that I come,  
And then my bullés

(the Pope's bulls)

shew I, all and some;  
Our liegé lordé's seal on my patent,  
That shew I first, my body to warrént,  
That no man be so bold, nor priest, nor clerk,  
Me to disturbe in Christé's holy work:  
And after that, then tell I forth my tales;  
Bullés of Popés and of Cardinales,  
Of Patriarchs, and of Bishopés, I shew,  
And in Latin I speak a wordés few,  
To saffron with my predication,

To give a colour and relish to his sermon, like saffron in pastry—

And for to steer men to devotión.

The preacher here banters his own relies, and then proceeds with the following ludicrous picture and exquisitely impudent avowal:—

Then pain I me to stretchén forth my neck,  
And east and west upon the people I beck,  
As doth a dove sitting upon a barn:  
My handés and my tongué gone so yearn—

(Go so briskly together)—

That it is joy to see my business.  
Of avarice and of such cursedness  
Is all my preaching, for to make them free  
To give their pence, and NAMELY,—UNTO ME,  
For mine intent is nought but for to win,  
And nothing for correction of sin;  
I reek never, when that they be buried,  
Though that their soulés gone a black-berried.

(That is,—though their souls go by bushels into the lower regions, like so many black-berries.)

Therefore—

(repeats he, at the end of the next paragraph, varying the note a little like a relishing musician,—)

Therefore my theme is yet, and ever was,  
*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*

IRONICAL BIT OF TRANSLATION.

In the story of the Cock and the Fox, the gallant bird, who has been alarmed by the fox, is complimenting his favourite wife, and introduces some Latin, the real purport of which is that the fair sex are the "confusion of mankind," but which, he informs her, signifies something quite the reverse. Sir Walter Scott admired this passage.

But let us speak of mirth, and stint all this.

(Stop all this)—

Madamé Partelot, so have I bliss,  
Of one thing God hath sent me largé grace,  
For when I see the beauty of your face.  
Ye be so scarlet red about your eyen,  
It maketh all my dreadé for to dien  
For all so siker as

(As sure as—)

"In principio

*Mulier est hominis confusio;*  
Madam, the sentence of this Latin is,  
"Woman is mannés joy, and mannés bliss."

In principio, *mulier est hominis confusio*—Woman, from the first, was the confusion of man. "In principio," observes Sir Walter, in a note on the passage in his edition of 'Dryden,' refers to the beginning of Saint John's Gospel. And in a note on the word *confusio*, he says it is taken from a fabulous conversation between the Emperor Adrian and the philosopher Secundus, reported by Vincent de Beauvais, in his 'Speculum Historiale.' *Quid est mulier? Hominis confusio: insaturabilis bestia, &c.* What is woman? The confusion of man, &c. "The Cock's polite version (he adds) is very ludicrous."

How pleasant to hear one great writer thus making another laugh, as if they were sitting over a table together, though five centuries are between them. But genius can make the lightest as well as gravest things the property of all time. Its laughs, as well as its sighs, are immortal.

### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXVIII.—REAL HISTORY OF THE "DUCHESS OF C."

Of which Madame de Genlis has made an episode in her 'Adelaide and Theodore.'

MADAME DE GENLIS saw this lady at Rome, where she was present, for a quarter of an hour, at an entertainment given to a Princess of the House of Bourbon; retiring at the expiration of that time, on account of the shattered state of her health. Though she was but forty-six years old, she looked ten years older; her head and eyes were inclined to the ground, and from time to time she had "attacks of shuddering."

This last circumstance, and the one noticed in Italy at the conclusion of the following account, are affecting evidences of the sufferings she had gone through.

"The Duchess of Cerifalco," says Madame de Genlis, "had the mildness and the piety of an angel. She never knew, nor could any one ever discover,

why her barbarous spouse shut her up in the cave! Religion, which is always useful in all things, was the means of saving her life; for the monster, who still preserved some religious sentiments, did not dare to poison her; and when he himself was on his death-bed, he confided to his valet the secret, that for family reasons he had confined in a subterranean cavern a woman who was at once mad and criminal. He did not acknowledge that this woman was his own wife, who was believed to have been dead for nine years. The valet-de-chambre, on receiving the key of the cavern, went to succour the unfortunate woman, who had wanted food for two days; he knocked in vain at the door—she did not come to receive her bread and water,—she had fainted; the servant entered, gave her the necessary assistance to enable her to get up, recognized her, left her nourishment for several days, and gave her the key of the cavern; but being obliged to remain with the Duke, he sent a courier to Rome to the Prince of Palestrina, with a note from the Duchess, who, in four lines and a half, acquainted him with her existence, and demanded his aid. The Prince, followed by all the members of his family, went to the King of Naples, and related the melancholy history. The King gave him a regiment to escort him to the château of the Duke, in case force should be found necessary. When the Prince of Palestrina arrived, the Duke was still living; he was told, on the part of the Prince, that his crime was known, and that his victim was about to be released; the Duke expired a few hours afterwards. The Prince had preserved most preciously his daughter's note; at my earnest entreaty he showed it me; I gazed a long time at this little bit of paper; the handwriting, the expressions, the words, almost all of which wanted the last syllable—all was precious in my eyes."

Madame de Genlis adds a remark, which she believes has never been before made; to wit, that "in cases where the memory has been lost without any change in the reasoning faculty, it is always the last syllables of the words that are forgotten." She says, that this was the case with Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe; and that she had observed the same phenomenon in a young person who had been blind for fourteen years.

### THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

BURNET was a good and hearty-natured man, though somewhat ostentatious of his clerical and political importance, and perhaps too active in politics for a divine. He was tall and stoutly built,—a circumstance which Dryden has turned to his disadvantage in his picture of him as King Buzzard in 'Absalom and Achitophel':—

"A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,  
He seemed a son of Anak, for his height,  
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer,  
Black-brow'd and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter,  
Broad-back'd and brawny-built."

According to more friendly observers, his personal conduct was an epitome of all that was becoming in the episcopal character. "His time, we are told, was employed in one regular and uniform manner: he was a very early riser, seldom in bed later than five or six o'clock in the morning. Private meditation took up the two first hours, and the last half hour of the day. His first and last appearance to his family was at the morning and evening prayers, which he always read himself, though his chaplains were present. He took the opportunity of the tea-table to instruct his children in religion, and in giving them his own comment upon some portion of Scripture. He seldom spent less than six, often eight hours a day, in his study. He kept an open table, in which there was plenty without luxury: his equipage was decent and plain; and all his expenses generous, but not profuse. He was a most affectionate husband to his wives; and his love to his children expressed itself, not so much in hoarding up wealth for them, as in giving them the best education. After his sons had perfected themselves in the learned languages, under private tutors, he sent them to the University, and afterwards abroad, to finish their studies at Leyden. In his friendships he was warm, open-hearted, and constant; and though his station and principles raised him many enemies, he always endeavoured, by the kindest good offices, to repay all their injuries, and overcome them by returning good for evil. He was a kind and bountiful master to his servants, and obliging to all in employment under him. His charities were a principal article of his expense. He gave a hundred pounds at a time for the augmentation of small livings: he bestowed constant pensions on poor clergymen and their widows, on students for their education at the Universities, and on industrious, but unfortunate families: he contributed frequent sums towards the repairs or building of churches and parson-



age-houses, to all public collections, to the support of charity schools (one of which, for fifty children at Salisbury, was wholly maintained by him), and to the putting out apprentices to trades. Nor were his aims confined to one nation, sect, or party; but want and merit in the object were the only measures of his liberality. He looked upon himself, with regard to his episcopal revenue, as a mere trustee for the church, bound to expend the whole in a decent maintenance of his station, and in acts of hospitality and charity; and he had so faithfully balanced this account, that, at his death, no more of the income of his bishopric remained to his family than was barely sufficient to pay his debts."

### CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XIX.—HENRY V.

[Continued.]

A MORE beautiful rhetorical delineation of the effects of subordination in a commonwealth can hardly be conceived than the following:—

"For government, though high and low and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
Congruing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

—Therefore heaven doth divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
To which is fixed as an aim or butt,  
Obedience: for so work the honey bees—  
Creatures that by a rule in nature, teach  
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king, and officers of sorts  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent-royal of their emperor;  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing mason building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,  
That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously:  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So may a thousand actions, once a-foot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat."

Henry V is but one of Shakspeare's second-rate plays. Yet by quoting passages, like this, from his second-rate plays alone, we might make a volume "rich with his praise,"

"As is the oozy bottom of the sea  
With sunken wrack and sumless treasures."

Of this sort are the king's remonstrance to Scroop, Grey, and Cambridge, on the detection of their treason, his address to the soldiers at the siege of Harfleur, and the still finer one before the battle of Agincourt, the description of the night before the battle, and the reflections on ceremony put into the mouth of the king.

"O hard condition; twin-born with greatness,  
Subjected to the breath of every fool,  
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!  
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy? and what have kings,  
That privates have not too, save ceremony?  
Save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
What is thy soul, O adoration?  
Art thouught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flattery and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,  
I am a king, that find thee: and I know,  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The enter-tissu'd robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the shore of the world—  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell:  
But, like a laquey, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
And follows so the ever-running year  
With profitable labour, to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
Has the forehand and vantage of a king.  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages."

Most of these passages are well known: there is one which we do not remember to have seen noticed, and yet it is no whit inferior to the rest in heroic beauty. It is the account of the deaths of York and Suffolk.

"EXETER. The Duke of York commends him  
to your majesty.

K. HENRY. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within  
this hour,  
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXETER. In which array (brave soldier) doth  
he lie,

Larding the plain; and by his bloody side  
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died; and York all haggled o'er,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;  
And cries aloud—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*  
*My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:*  
*Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;*  
*As, in this glorious and well foughten field,*  
*We kept together in our chivalry!*

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:  
He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says—*Dear my lord,*  
*Commend my service to my sovereign.*

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips;  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love."

But we must have done with splendid quotations. The behaviour of the king, in the difficult and doubtful circumstances in which he is placed, is as patient and modest as it is spirited and lofty in his prosperous fortune. The character of the French nobles is also very admirably depicted; and the Dauphin's praise of his horse shows the vanity of that class of persons in a very striking point of view. Shakspeare always accompanies a foolish prince with a satirical courtier, as we see in this instance. The comic parts of 'Henry V' are very inferior to those of 'Henry IV.' Falstaff is dead, and without him, Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph, are satellites without a sun. Fluellen the Welshman is the most entertaining character in the piece. He is good-natured, brave, choleric, and pedantic. His parallel between Alexander and Harry of Monmouth, and his desire to have "some disputations" with Captain Macmorris on the discipline of the Roman wars, in the heat of the battle, are never to be forgotten. His treatment of Pistol is as good as Pistol's treatment of his French prisoner. There are two other remarkable prose passages in this play: the conversation of Henry in disguise with the three centinels on the duties of a soldier, and his courtship of Katherine in broken French. We like them both exceedingly, though the first savours perhaps too much of the king, and the last too little of the lover.

### TABLE TALK.

THE VENERABLE DOUBLES.

The climate of Montreux is the softest in Switzerland; and of all the churchyards we had ever seen in our wanderings, no one overlooks such various and delicious scenery. It is not more distinguished for the attraction of its site, than for the singular excellence of the aged minister who has so long exercised in it his pastoral care. Monsieur — the learned

curé of the village, is ninety-six years of age, and still preaches every Sabbath in his secluded church, with an eloquence that the approach to a century of years has not abated. He has resided many years in England, as tutor to a lady of high rank; and about fifty years since he returned to take charge of his present flock. Patronage has been heaped on him from England; but though his income is handsome, he preserves the utmost simplicity of life, and a charm and amiableness of manners that seem to belong to a purer age and scene than to the valley of tears through which he has nearly passed. His hair is not thin, and as white as the snow of his own mountains; and his large light eye is yet full of fire; nor is its sight dim. The power of his memory is but little impaired, as is evident by the animation that spreads over his impressive features, when engaged in conversation that interests him. To relieve the wants of his people, and to labour for their spiritual good, are the chief pleasures of this curé. It is a singular circumstance that Monsieur — has a twin brother, who is also a minister and preacher, and bears his age of ninety-six with equal vigour, though of a less strong and accomplished mind than the pastor of Montreux. They are so exactly alike in size and feature, that even their friends have sometimes been at a loss to distinguish one from the other. The most ludicrous scenes have sometimes occurred from this strange resemblance. When one brother has taken a walk along the high-road to the neighbouring town or villages, peasants, who were perfect strangers to the two curés, have been struck by meeting so venerable and impressive a personage, and in the course of a few miles after, have beheld, apparently, the same being, with the same dress, features, and manner, as the one who had previously passed, advancing full upon them. They have sometimes looked on in mute terror, or else taken to their heels out of the way, while the pastor passed on to join his relative.—*Carne's Letters from Switzerland and Italy*, p. 164.

### PETRARCH A DANDY IN HIS YOUTH.

Petrarch and his brother resided at Avignon, and became the favourites and companions of the ecclesiastical and lay nobles who formed the papal court, to a degree which, in aftertimes, excited Petrarch's wonder; though the self-sufficiency and ardour of youth then blinded him to the peculiar favour with which he was regarded. His talents and accomplishments were, of course, the cause of this distinction; besides that his personal advantages were such as to prepossess everyone in his favour. He was so handsome as frequently to attract observations as he passed along the streets. His complexion was between dark and fair; he had sparkling eyes, and a vivacious and pleasing expression of countenance. His person was rather elegant than robust; and he increased the gracefulness of his appearance by a sedulous attention to dress. "Do you remember," he wrote to his brother Gerard, many years after, "our white robes, and our chagrin when their studied elegance suffered the least injury, either in the disposition of their folds, or in their spotless cleanliness? Do you remember our tight shoes, and how we bore the tortures which they inflicted, without a murmur? and our care lest the breezes should disturb the arrangement of our hair?"—*Lives of Eminent Italians*.

### MOORISH LITERARY RE-UNIONS.

In the winter time the evening parties are more frequent and more regular than in summer. A learned alfaquir of Toledo was accustomed in the months of December and January to assemble thirty or forty men of letters every evening. In the centre of this hall there was a great vase of the height of a man, full of burning charcoal, and all around were spread carpets and cushions of silk and wool, and the walls were lined with figured stuffs. Each sat at the distance he best liked from the fire, and a hispe or verse from the Koran, or some new and favourite poem, was read and discussed. Meantime perfumes were handed round and rose-water sprinkled on the guests; after which a table was brought in, on which were various dishes of mutton and kid, and stews, with oil: then followed different preparations of milk, boiled or frothed, butter, sweetmeats, and fruit. The drink of such as did not transgress the Koran, was sherbet of various kinds. The most usual was that like our lemonade; but it was often flavoured with other fruits besides lemons, and even flowers.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ATTENTION shall be paid to the address mentioned by Mr B. in his obliging letter. We have not seen the posthumous paper he speaks of.

We shall insert with pleasure the 'Dialogue between a Customer and a Sculptor,' provided we have leave to omit one or two passages not quite congenial with our very considerate pages.

The book has been left at Mr Hooper's for Mr P., as desired.

# THE PRINTING MACHINE.

## SKETCHES OF BERMUDA.

*Sketches of Bermuda.* By Susette Harriet Lloyd, with maps and plates. 1 vol. 8vo. London. Cochrane and Co.

THIS little volume is the production of a young lady, who, in addition to very amiable feelings, has some talent for observation and description. She does not tell us all we should wish to know on the subject, but our recent information respecting the Bermudas is so scanty, that we feel thankful for any addition to it. Miss Lloyd sailed from England in the summer of 1829, and seems to have remained eighteen months among the islands. Though small and comparatively obscure, and out of the high roads of navigation, this group has been singularly fortunate in poetical associations, which have a power to make even barren rocks beautiful. Shakspeare speaks of the islands in the 'Tempest,' as "the still vexed Bermoothes," for in his time they had not been long discovered, and seamen incorrectly described them as being vexed by continual storms or violent currents; the mellifluous Waller, who seems to have lived some time upon them, much improved their character, and devoted many verses to them under the name of the 'Summer Isles;' and nearly at the same period the honest old patriot, and good old poet, Andrew Marvel, sang of

"Where the remote Bermudas ride  
In the ocean's bosom."

In our own days, Mr Thomas Moore has resided there, and celebrated the islands in some of the sweetest of his verses. Now all this we call being in luck. Miss Lloyd thus describes the situation and general form of the Bermudas:—

"They lie in 32° 20' N. Lat. 64° 50' W. Long.; and are between six and seven hundred miles from Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, the nearest point of land.

"They form an isolated Archipelago, which rises like a speck in the Atlantic, and are the work of that industrious little island-building zoophyte, the coral worm, which, by its unwearied perseverance, has accomplished works of such vast magnitude. Above this coral foundation lies a thick stratum of sand and shells, which, by the operation of the air, forms the indurated sand-stone of which the surface of the island is chiefly composed. They are encircled by an elliptical belt of coral reefs, which at its inner circumference measures about twenty-seven miles at the largest axis, and fourteen at the smallest. It is said that there are as many islands as there are days in the year, but of these the greater number are so small, that they have neither name nor inhabitants.

"The principal are St George's, the chief military station of the colony, and formerly the capital; Bermuda, or the main island, the present seat of government; Somerset and Ireland, in which last are the dock-yards, convict-ships, &c. These, with very little interruption, form a continued chain, which runs from north-east to south-west, in the outline of a shepherd's crook, the convex side of which lies towards the S.W. and W. The whole occupies a space of fifteen to twenty miles in a straight line, but it is considerably more measured round the curve. St George's is three miles and a half in length, Bermuda fifteen, Somerset three, and Ireland three. The breadth of the chain, in its widest part, is two miles, and in the narrowest, not above one-eighth of a mile. Of this chain, St George's lies at the eastern, and Somerset and Ireland at the western extremity.

"The minor islands are St David's, Cooper's, Smith's, Longbird, Nonesuch, &c., and they everywhere form numerous picturesque creeks and bays, some of which are very large and deep, such as the Great Sound, Castle Harbour, Harrington Sound &c."

Upon this narrow ridge, which has been slowly raised above the level of the mighty ocean, and then partially covered with soil, grass, herbs, fruit trees, and lofty cedars, there exists a prosperous, fixed population of more than eleven thousand souls, independently of fifteen hundred convicts, and the troops in garrison, which are changed from time to time. At the period of Miss Lloyd's visit, the slave inhabitants amounted to 3,920, which was rather more than half of the number of the white and free-coloured fixed population. She did not

think that there were above three or four native Africans among the slaves, all the rest being born in Bermuda. From a charge delivered by the Chief Justice, in May 1830, it appeared that there were four hundred inhabitants for every square mile. Our authoress found the character of the Bermudians to be kind and humane, and (for slavery had not then been most nobly abolished), she says that their slaves enjoyed many advantages and comforts, which the poor of our own country are frequently destitute of. The poor negroes have always fared worst where there are mines or sugar plantations:—in Bermuda there are neither; and consequently they were employed in light agricultural or mechanical labour, but principally as domestic servants. They seem to be a merry set—very fond of music, and by no means stupid. We should enjoy, of all things, to hear one of these sable Chansonniers sing 'I'd be a butterfly!'

"Their Gombey parties are preceded by really tolerable bands, composed of negroes dressed in a neat white uniform with scarlet facings. These musicians are all self-taught, and play many favourite airs with great accuracy. This is the more surprising since they do not know a single note in music. They learn and play everything by ear, and certainly have great natural taste and love for music. When engaged about their work, or walking along the road, they generally beguile the time with a song; and in the evening you frequently hear the sounds of a flute or violin from a negro cottage. Many also possess the talent of extemporaneous composition, which they exercise in finding words for *Di piacer*, and various Italian airs. Others content themselves with singing the last new song, and 'I'd be a butterfly,' and 'Oh, no, we never mention her,' were beginning to be general favourites."

"There is a black woman here who ranks high as an improvisatrice; every important event, everyone who is so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure, is made the subject of her verse. \* \* \* These verses are, of course, very uncouth, but possess a great deal of wit."

We would gladly give up the reading, for a twelvemonth, of all the poetry that may appear in magazines, annuals, and albums, provided we could but have our ears tickled with some of this negro improvisation,—some of these Africo-English verses. A few years ago, the Bible Society, not much to the credit of their own good judgment, seeing that the effect they thereby produced was altogether different from what they proposed, presented to the world most copious printed specimens of Negro-English prose, which was certainly the funniest and most irresistibly laughable hybrid of a language it was ever our fortune to meet withal!

In spite of strong prejudices, and a certain degree of opposition on the part of the white Bermudians, even in Miss Lloyd's time they had begun to impart the blessings of education to the negroes and half castes, and had established free-schools and infant-schools for them. She says,—

"This blessing is now imparted to nearly a thousand persons, in which number I do not include those who are educated in the schools under the dissenters, some of which are very flourishing."

On occasion of the visitation of a Bishop from our American colonies, Miss Lloyd saw the examination of one of these Negro schools.

"On Wednesday, after examining a White free-school in our parish, the Bishop visited our Negro-infant school, accompanied by Doctor Spencer and Mr Wix, Archdeacon of Newfoundland. It presented a spectacle no less interesting to the eye than gratifying to the heart. Above seventy children were present, some not more than two years old, all arranged in classes. The girls wore their neat pink frocks, with a gaily coloured handkerchief tastefully folded round the head, while their dark expressive eyes and sable countenances, added a high degree of interest to their appearance in the eyes of the European. The school-room was prettily ornamented with flowering branches of the pride of India and Palmetto: and when this little band joined in the morning hymn, and knelt down to receive the good Bishop's benediction, I cannot describe the feelings which this scene excited. The children went through their lessons extremely well, and his

lordship expressed himself delighted with their proficiency, and with the novelty of the system, this being the first infant-school he had ever seen."

We hope Miss Lloyd makes some mistake in saying the Bishop had never seen an infant school before; but, to continue, in her own words:—

"I feel an encouraging hope, that this, and similar institutions, will lead to a gradual, but sure amelioration in the condition and character of the negro and coloured population, and prepare them for a right use of that emancipation, which all feel cannot be far distant." (*This, it must be remembered, was written in 1830*) \* \* \* "But there is a shade that dims this pleasing picture, which, I trust, will gradually vanish before the enlightening influence of instruction—I mean the petty pilfering which is so common among the negroes, and which, until lately, was looked upon by very many as a perfectly venial offence. There is, however, an increasing conviction of its guilt, and the open effrontery with which it was formerly practised, and the systematic prevarication to which the negroes resorted, when detected, are now everyday becoming less frequent. I was pleased to hear from the Bishop, that he had been assured by persons, who formerly considered it a matter of course that a large portion of their poultry would be stolen from them, that in the last three years, during which period greater attention had been paid to the instruction of the slaves, they had not lost a single fowl. \* \* I can only say, that I have never missed a single article of any description, though my room was so situated as to be accessible to anyone who might feel disposed to enter the open door, and carry off whatever might be lying about."

Well! thanks to the principles and exertions of the more liberal of our two great political parties which has predominated during the last four or five years, the great measure of Negro emancipation has been carried, and evidently sooner than our authoress expected. We thank her for showing how the slaves were being prepared to take their rank as free-men, but we wish that she had staid longer, and could have told us from her own experience and observation, how they have behaved themselves since they were suddenly made free. We are the more particular in this wish, as there are peculiar circumstances attending the measure in the Bermudas, where the emancipation was indeed sudden, and carried into full effect at once; it having been determined to discard altogether the system of apprenticeship, and to give entire and unconditional freedom to the whole body of slaves. Miss Lloyd says in her preface,

"The local legislature was enabled to take so decisive a step with confidence and safety, partly because the mitigated form of slavery which prevailed here, could not generate such reciprocal feelings of acrimony or distrust as may have been awakened in the sugar colonies, and also because experience had proved that a judicious system of moral and religious instruction had exercised a beneficial influence on the character and conduct of the slaves."

Perhaps the fair authoress ought to have mentioned the relative numbers of blacks and whites as among the facilitating causes. In the Bermudas, without counting the garrison, there are about two whites to one black; in several of the West Indian islands there are two and more blacks to one white, including the soldiery from Europe, and all other classes; and in Jamaica the slaves are to the rest of the population as seven to one.

Miss Lloyd's account of the productions of the island, its trade, its exports and imports, is rather incomplete, and, we have reason to believe, in some respects incorrect. On the other hand, her sketches of the beautiful scenery, whether done by pen or pencil, are very graceful and pleasing. The three views introduced in her volume are executed in a style very superior to that of the generality of small aqua-tinta plates, and give a delicious notion of the prospects of the narrow islands in which water is always blended with land, snow-white sails with luxuriantly green trees. Above all things, we most admire the delightful, sweet-smelling Bermuda cedar, which timber is so abundant that they build ships, and boats, and houses of it, and burn it in their do-



mestic fires. Miss Lloyd says that it is impossible to conceive anything more delicious than a cedar fire!

"The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,  
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires;  
The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,  
For incense might on sacred altars burn;  
Their private roofs, on od'rous timber borne,  
Such as might palaces for kings adorn."

WALLER.

### SOMETHING NEW IN POETRY.

Poems by Albius. London. Churton. 1835. 12mo. pp. 26.

'THE Poems of Albius,' to adopt the title which the author places at their head, are productions as unlike ordinary modern poetry, as Albius is unlike the generality of modern names. To judge both by this appellation which he has assumed, and by the subjects on which he has expended his greatest efforts, the author seems to intend that we should take him for a sort of modern addition to the Delphin Classics, or one of the old Romans come alive again, rather than a bard properly belonging to these degenerate times. We may remark, too, that although he has thought proper, in partial accommodation to existing usages, to write in a modern dialect, his English, or what seems to be such, is of a singularly original description, and might really pass very well for that of a person who had merely acquired a little of the language by a few week's practice, after having dropt from the clouds, or lain in his grave for the last two thousand years.

The first of the 'Poems of Albius' is entitled an 'Elegy to Sappho,' and opens in the following striking manner:—

"Famed Heloise, by all the world admired,  
The Maidens influenced, and the Bards inspired,  
To laud her merit, and inscribe her tomb,  
Pity the Lovers, and lament their doom.

Then why is Sappho's 'well-known name' to sleep  
With her lost frame in the Leucadian deep?—  
Is it because no Abelard could raise  
A column worthy to record her praise?  
Or is it that her soul, too rashly brave,  
Preferred a watery to an earthly grave?"

The reasons here suggested to account for the oblivion into which 'Sappho's well known name' is assumed to have fallen, are all but as capital in their way as that assumption itself. In particular, the reader will admire the poetic invention displayed in the novel notion that a monumental column was raised to Heloise by Abelard, who died more than twenty years before her.

In the next lines, the agitation of both the verse and the grammar finely betrays the poet's growing fervour:—

"No abbey she aspired to raise, no solemn state,  
No maidens govern, or harsh rules dictate;  
No mitred preachers to extol her fame,  
Her deeds to gloss, and sanctify her shame;  
But a great soul that meanness did disdain,  
And thus neglected, sought the Lesbian main."

This, however, is merely preparatory. The author having thus cleared his throat, now takes up his story from the beginning, and proceeds to inform us that Sappho, "by nature gifted with a noble mind, and splendid talents with the same combined," "at length became the slighted object (as he poetically phrases it, for *subject*) of a fatal flame." The inspiration now comes very strong upon him. "Apollo's temple," he exclaims, "in a strain of sublimity, in which we confess he soars far beyond our power of accompanying him, —

"now her image bears,  
And Lesbos still her sable garment wears.  
Leucadian rocks shall mourn her hapless fate,  
And my inscription shall record the date."

Above twenty lines are then devoted to a most emphatic assertion of the fact, that this great poetess has never yet had her epitaph written. The following are half-a-dozen of them:—

"Many centuries now have passed away,  
Long tedious nights, and each revolving day,  
Without a line on the wide earth to state  
Her early doom, or to perpetuate  
A name renowned in all the works of art,  
As skilled in music as in learning great."

This, by the by, seems to be precisely Albius's own case. The skill in the music of verse shown in this last couplet, would almost entitle us to say that he is "himself the great sublime he draws." That he is "as skilled in music as in learning great," the conclusion of the Elegy again abundantly proves:—

"The task shall hence be my peculiar care.  
This little merit Albius now will claim,  
And raise a tablet to her honoured fame.

(An ordinary writer, for the sake both of the rhyme and the reason, would have said *fame* here; but the other word is more characteristic of the *curiosa felicitas* of our author.)

And soon shall Phaon climb Leucadia's height,  
To seek his Sappho in the realms of night;  
Soon shall regret his proud and cruel disdain,  
And join his mistress in the watery main."

The word *cruel*, commonly reckoned a dissyllable, is, we believe, uniformly pronounced as a monosyllable by Albius. Thus, for instance, a few pages after:—

"Who cruelly (pronounce, *cruelly*) thus requites her  
generous flame."

This line is taken from a long Epistle from Phaon to Sappho, of which, however, it must be our only sample. Nor can we do more than notice an intermediate effusion, entitled, 'Elegy to Hector, concluded with an Epitaph,' in which it is said of that hero, that

"His might and prowess everywhere proclaimed  
The chief who only by a God was armed."

With a similar easy flow of metre, the Epitaph begins as follows:—

"— By Albius' hand was raised  
This simple tablet to the hero's praise."

An Epistle from Dido to Æneas must also be passed over. The descriptive eloquence of the Carthaginian Queen is, in some passages, much too ardent for our sober pages. The letter, however, seems to have produced a powerful effect on the nerves of poor Æneas. In his answer (also here given) he screams out on sight of it in an agony of terror:—

"But what's this dread epistle which I see,  
All stained with gore, and sent express from thee?  
My Dido's name the superscription bears,  
And harrows up my soul with conscious fears:  
Its harsh contents my daring mind subdues,  
Unfits me quite to meet my hostile foes."

After this comes an Epistle from Corinna to Ovid, dated Pisa, 3rd February 1830. She "concludes," says our author, "by expressing her unalterable attachment to him in the most glowing colours." Here is the glowingly-coloured passage in question:—

"If not, at least, my last request attend,  
And on my tomb my mournful theme shall end:  
'Here the wronged mistress of false Ovid lies,  
By his disdain she fell a sacrifice  
To dire despair, and all-consuming grief,  
When him, and only him, could give relief:  
But death more kind, did her complaint remove,  
And sent her early to the ethereal grove."

An ode to (or rather, against) Achilles, which follows, ends with an inscription for the Statue in Hyde Park, which the pious and poetical author looks upon to be a very shocking performance indeed. "This massive pile," he indignantly exclaims,

"— is to commemorate  
The savage hero of the Grecian state,  
Whose brutal courage to the world is known,  
And deeds ascribed that never were his own;  
The indelicate posture of whose effigy,  
And immodest state of shameless nudity,  
Bespeak a want of common decency,  
To grace or figure not the least pretence,  
Devoid of meaning—still more void of sense."

Not satisfied with this torrent of eloquent verse, the writer resumes the subject in a long note in prose. "Ovid," he remarks, "in his writings on this subject, with the exception of myself, has been the only author who has yet dared to unmask this invincible son of Thetis." He will allow poor Achilles no merit in anything. "His sallying out at last," he argues, "to meet Hector, appears to have been wholly

instigated by a direful thirst of revenge for the loss of his friend Patroclus, who, according to the chances of war, was as liable to fall as another man, and which common occurrence a great mind would soon have reconciled." Nay, even the courage of this celebrated personage, Albius earnestly insists, was very far from being what it has been generally accounted. "His impenetrable armour," he argues, "and enormous spear gave him a decided advantage over his antagonist; for it appears that Hector's lance was broken in pieces, against the shield of Achilles, early in the contest, and consequently he had nothing but his side-arms left to defend himself against the unequal weapon of his exulting foe. During the martial glory and success of Hector, the 'great Pelides,' never once attempted to emulate his achievements, or put himself in his way, or I am fully persuaded that the fate of Greece would have terminated under less auspicious circumstances."

The hottest of our author's wrath, however, is poured out against what he calls the "preponderous statue." We decline transcribing all the strong expressions he uses on this subject—but his concluding accusation against the statue is so curious that we must give it. "It is," he says, after calling it every thing else best fitted to excite our aversion, "a complete outrage of public decency, by the pretended guardians of public morals, and but for which it is probable that this poem would never have appeared."

A sort of new Iliad and Æneid in one, which is next presented to us, under the title of 'The Siege of Troy, Destruction of Troy, and Foundation of the Roman Empire' is too long an affair for our examination at present. We can only state that the object of the Poem is, in the words of the author, "to more clearly and distinctly point out the cause and historical facts connected with the Trojan wars, than those recorded in the works of Homer."

The latter part of the volume contains a few pieces on modern subjects. One is called 'An Hour in Kensington Gardens,' and begins thus:—

"Majestic and neglected pile,  
The monarch's famed retreat;  
The fairest of the British isle,  
And once the royal seat."

This is addressed to what the author calls "the venerable palace," in comparison with which he seems to think Windsor a very modern structure. "Forsaken," he goes on,

"Forsaken and deserted now  
Are thy enchanting bowers;  
Thy garland plucked to grace the brow  
Of Windsor's lofty towers.

Altho' the wreck of former days,  
By various tempests tost,  
Thy ancient grandeur yet displays  
The state thou then couldst boast."

If in future days, however, a good and great monarch should arise, and restore the state to its ancient happiness and grandeur, he prophesies that

"Then Kensington once more,  
Her regal palace shall behold  
In all its days of yore,"

whatever that may signify.

'The Farewell and Departure of Albius,' the next of these pieces, is a somewhat ambitious performance, being no less than an attempt to throw into the shade the well-known 'Farewell' of Lord Byron—as is pretty plainly intimated in the opening lines:—

"Like that great bard, whom late the world admired,  
Whose ardent mind seraphic subjects fired,  
I little thought when first he said "farewell,"  
That I myself should the same story tell:  
When to his country last he bade adieu,  
That I so soon should that farewell renew."

The cause that sent Albius abroad was, it seems, "great pecuniary losses, which he sustained by his purse and services to pretended friends," as he puts it in prose,—or, as he sings in still more impressive prosody:—

"At my own loss I've others' interests raised,  
And my reward has been but empty praise."

To use his own language on another occasion, we should have thought that such a common occurrence as this was one "which a great mind would soon have

reconciled;" but he takes on about it in the most distressing way, pouring out his soul in the following, among other passionate exclamations:—

"No more my verse in tuneful numbers flow,  
My lute's strung now to elegies of woe;  
No more will I inscribe to fruitless Fame,  
Though science henceforth may record my name.  
Friendship, adieu! Society I disclaim,  
And no more know mankind than by the name.  
The sacred Nine already chide my stay,  
My Goddess muse cries, 'Albius haste away!'  
Farewell, ye charming nightingales that sing  
Notes to my verse, fair Goddess of the Spring!  
I could have once sung out a summer's day,  
But now the inspiring charm is done away;  
My notes no longer will assist my rhyme,  
And anguish quickens on the brink of time.  
My numbers here in painful accents glide,  
My song is done—my harp I lay aside.  
Let those few friends who strove my wounds to heal,  
Accept my thanks, and this, my last farewell:  
Thro' stormy seas, to distant climes I'll rove,  
And pace my journey to the ethereal grove."

This was in the end of 1825. However, by the very next poem, we find that, for all his melancholy resolves, our author's exile wanted the consolations neither of song nor of love. "Near Ingouville," he chaunts,

"within a grove  
Where once I did retire,  
The world to shun, in woods to rove,  
And tune the sacred lyre;—  
"The first sad subject of my verse,  
The country I had left," &c.  
"When to the winds I told my tale," &c.  
"Beneath the shade a goddess sat,  
More fair than Venus she,  
Who often listened to my lute,  
And kindly smiled on me."

This kind lady, after a few fine speeches, fairly makes him an offer of her hand:—

"Accept the hand of an unknown fair,  
Though stranger as thou art;  
For ever live in quiet here,  
And meet a generous heart."

We are sorry to have to relate so discreditable a termination to so interesting a love tale; but after telling us of the many pleasant days they continued to pass together after this frank declaration, our author adds:—

"But mortal joys are transient, vain," &c.  
"For cruel fate had me forbade  
This lovely fair to wed;  
At length with grief the blissful shade,  
The charming spot I fled."

We must say that, since the famous flight of Horace, we do not remember to have seen any running away so very coolly recorded.

But we must bring our account of this very remarkable volume to a close. The last poem we shall notice is entitled 'The Indispensable Requisites and Qualifications for an Accomplished Poet, with the best rules for acquiring that sublime study.' We may safely say, that nothing which had been previously written upon the art of poetry had anticipated anything we have here. The writer evidently looks to nature alone. In such lines as the following, with which we shall conclude our extracts, it is easy to see who has been his "great example":—

"No precept, rule, or beaten tracts of time  
Can give the force and harmony of rhyme;  
Untaught, unstudied, is the poet's verse,  
Who with the Muses only would converse."

"One timely bred to serve the Sacred Nine,  
In verse instructed by a Bard divine:  
Who from a sylvan Goddess dates his name,  
And early traced the rugged paths of Fame:  
In Science' temple his first theme begun,  
And one acknowledged born the Muse's son.  
(The bard without which his rank unjustly claim,  
And only lives a poet by the name.)  
One in whose breast the softest passions glow,  
And soul from which the finest feelings flow;  
A modest choice, mixt with a taste refined,  
And talent far above the vulgar mind.  
One who the Muses' honour will sustain,  
Low wit condemn, and little minds disdain:  
One whose chaste style and language both agree,  
And such a being should the poet be."

## ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING.

*An Encyclopedia of Gardening.* By J. C. Loudon.  
New Edition, 8vo. London. 1835. Pp. 1310.

If the ear should be struck with a momentary feeling of something like incongruity in the unaccustomed collocation of a name so redolent of nature and primitive life as Gardening, with so learned a term as *Encyclopædia*, let it be remembered that gardening is, after all, the eldest of the sciences, and, as such, is surely well entitled to be associated with the most learned term we can find for it. Till lately, indeed, in our foolish contempt for the "common things that round us lie," we did not recognize it as a science at all—hardly even as an art. It would have been thought strange to speak of the trainer of fruit-trees, or even of the disposer of parterres, as an artist. And the eldest of the sciences, in the orthodox creed, is not Gardening, but Astronomy. Yet, although both are no doubt of most respectable antiquity, we have no warrant either in prose or verse, for carrying the birth of the latter quite to so high a date as that of the former. When our first great ancestor in Eden inquired of the Archangel respecting the celestial motions, his curiosity, if we may trust the account of Milton, was rather repressed than encouraged:—

"Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;  
Leave them to God above; him serve, and fear!  
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high  
To know what passes there; be lowly wise."

It was reserved for the shepherd sages of Chaldea, after the world was many ages old, to be the fathers of Astronomy; the father of Gardening was the father of mankind—aye, and its mother was also the mother of all of us—

"Eve  
Rose and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,  
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,  
And touched by her fair tendance gladdly grew."

However, the two are not sciences that ought either to quarrel about precedency, or to have any other feelings towards each other than those of affection. They may be said to be of kin through the common blood of a poetry which is denied to the other sciences. For as the stars have been called "the poetry of heaven," so may the flowers, and the fruits too, of our gardens, be appropriately styled the poetry of earth. Of both sciences the nature and ends are mainly connected with those capacities of our being that yearn after something more and higher than either the necessary or the convenient. They both carry us away out of sense into sentiment—out of the visible into the visionary. Important as are some of the practical applications of Astronomy, such mere utilities respect only a small portion of the field of that vast science. Of by far the greater number of its soaring abstractions the whole result and purpose can only be described as being to exercise some of the noblest faculties of the intellect—to gratify the desire of knowledge for its own sake—to help the wings of the imagination, which in that endless starry maze, and those far depths of blue, finds one of the regions in the universe of thought in which it loves most to range and lose itself. The scope of the science of Gardening, it must be confessed, is not so lofty. The poetry that is in it is of a humbler and more familiar character. It has more to do with the affections than with the imagination. Yet the gardener is a poet of his kind, and every garden is a true poem, in which blossoms, and fragrance, and green leaves, not ill supply the place of glowing imagery and tuneful words. Even the smallest flower-plot beside the cottage door, is it not like a lamp of celestial light hung up to brighten the prose of ordinary life to parent and child, upon whom it smiles in their going out and in their coming in? And in all cases where a dwelling-house and a garden are associated, whatever the former—the creation as it is the shelter of our coarser needs and desires,—may suggest to the mind of what is more earthy in our humanity, is taken off and relieved by the less artificial character of the latter, by the predominance in it of the ornamental and the beautiful over mere physical serviceableness. In the house, grace and decoration, though by no means excluded, are yet throughout kept in subordination to the useful and

convenient; in the garden it is the reverse—here, as in every other poetical creation, beauty sits queen—in that spirit everything is shaped—by that everything is animated—the useful or commodious only comes in as supplementary, and where it does not interfere with the other which is the reigning principle.

As might have been expected from its high pretensions, Gardening has not been without its literature, either in other countries or in our own. But we believe we may safely say, that nothing has been written upon the subject in any country or language, that can be compared for completeness, for accuracy, for enlarged views, with the admirable work now before us. Indeed, we have few treatises upon any art or science that deserve to be placed beside this *Encyclopædia of Gardening* by Mr Loudon. It is evidently the production of a writer with whom his subject has been the study of his life, and who has made himself master of it in all its extent and details, both from books and from his own observation and experience. The success of a work, prepared with so much labour, ability, and real knowledge, could hardly have been doubtful from the first; and we rejoice to see successive impressions giving evidence of the public appreciation of its merits. The present edition, which has come out in twenty half-crown parts, is stated to have been revised throughout, and in many parts re-written. The wood-engravings, remarkable for their neatness and clearness, with which it is embellished and illustrated, now amount to upwards of 1,200, and of that number above 500 are entirely new.

"Part I, containing the 'History of Gardening,'" says the author, "is nearly all re-written; it has been enriched with a great number of new facts, and descriptions of gardens; and with numerous engravings of ground-plans, and views of garden and park scenery. In order to give a complete view of the present state of gardening throughout the world, nearly every book of travels, published since 1810, has been consulted, and the author made a tour (in 1829) for the purpose of personally examining the finest gardens in France and Germany. \* \* \* In Part II, containing the 'Science of Gardening,' the first book, which treats on Botany, has been entirely recomposed, so as to embrace the most approved modern opinions on Vegetable Physiology, and in other respects to harmonize with the present state of Botanical science. All the other books have been brought into similar harmony with the present state of knowledge and practice, and more particularly Book III, on the Mechanical Agents employed in Gardening. In this book are described and figured all the new implements, instruments, and machines, considered valuable, and all the improvements in the construction of hot-houses, and more especially the different modes of heating them by steam, and by hot water—the latter, the greatest improvement which has been made in Gardening since this *Encyclopædia* originally appeared. In Book IV, which treats of the operations of Gardening, the chapter on insects, vermin, and the enemies of gardens, has been entirely re-written and greatly enlarged, by an eminent Naturalist. It is illustrated by numerous new engravings, and will be found a most important addition to this department of the work. Part III, on 'Gardening as Practised in Britain,' has received most invaluable additions, more particularly in the descriptive catalogues of fruits and culinary vegetables, with their synonyms. For these we are indebted to the Committee of the Horticultural Society, who permitted us to consult on these subjects with their head gardener, Mr Munro, and with the gardener of their fruit department, Mr Thompson; and the result is that we are enabled to present such descriptive catalogues, and such selected lists for particular situations, and particular purposes, as could, at no former period, and even at this time from no other source, be produced. Under Floriculture, in most of the preceding editions, the tables of ornamental plants were comparatively meagre and imperfect, and in the first and second editions, full of orthographical errors. These tables were entirely recomposed by Mr George Don, for the edition of 1831, and then received copious additions: they have now been brought down to the present time, and for accuracy, we will venture to state that if they are equalled, they are not surpassed in any work whatever. Arboriculture has received those improvements in the details of transplanting, pruning, &c. which the advanced state of physiological knowledge required;—Landscape Gardening has also undergone revision. Throughout the Work, wherever the subject of insects and vermin has occurred, it has been corrected, or re-written, by the eminent naturalist above referred to; and advantage has been taken, as far as garden insects are concerned, of the more recent discoveries communicated to the 'Entomological Magazine,' and to the 'Magazine of Natural History.' The botanic names have been put in harmony with the nomenclature of our 'Hortus Britannicus'; preserving, however, the Linnæan, or popular synonyme where it has been considered advisable."

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